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FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO.
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AN EVENT OF GREAT SIGNIFICANCE.

It was an event of far more than ordinary significance when, on last Sunday, the First Congregational Church of San Francisco dedicated its new building on its old site in the down-town section of the city. In the block in which the church is situated is the St. Francis hotel, one of the great hotels of the world, and only a block further away are located some of the great mercantile establishments of this great city. Close by also are the banks and other great commercial institutions around which center the immense business activities of a city the connections and influences of which reach out around the world.

It means that here in this great cosmopolitan city, in the very heart of its business, within easy reach of the men and women who have constant part therein and of the thousands who are here temporarily from time to time for business or for pleasure, is to be maintained a church and a pulpit suited to worldwide needs.

The great developments of the twentieth century, in world progress, are to occur on the shores of the Pacific Ocean, and San Francisco is located at one of the most commanding points on the grand international highway along which are to move the men and women who are to direct the course of affairs through years fraught with great things for mankind.

It is fortunate that San Francisco is to have a temple of religion dedicated to "a gospel deep as human need, broad as the love of God, and great as the sacrifice of Calvary."

It is said that the noises made in one of the famous cathedrals of Europe—the tramp of feet, the talk and bustle of the people, are caught up, softened, harmonized, blended and echoed back from the dome in musical sounds.

We need pulpits today in all great cities such as this by the Golden Gate in which will stand men having a world-consciousness and by whom will be proclaimed that gospel of love and of human brotherhood which alone can bring harmony out of discord.

It is such a gospel that Dr. Aked has proclaimed during the four years that his voice has been heard in San Francisco. With him stands to-day a loyal band of men and women with like thought and passion; and so it is that the First Congregational Church of San Francisco is found in this second decade of the twentieth century, in this year 1915, in one of the places of commanding influence and with an outlook of wonderful promise.

Never before were the processes of world education so pervasive and so rapid. Never in the history of the world has Christianity had so many working allies. The ends of the earth have been brought together, and the Occidental and the Oriental mind in conjunction are to make the Christianity and the civilization of the future. The circle has been circled, and the world faces a new era. As it was nineteen hundred years ago, so again has there come a fulness of time. The God who was incarnate in Jesus of Nazareth is to be incarnated in human lives as never before. He who was and who is the life and light of men is to be more widely enthroned—is to show as never before to all the sons and daughters of men that they too are the children of God and meant to share his own high privilege of service and sacrifice. Not only is he to show this as never before, but he is to lay hold of them with a constraining influence which will enable them to ascend to power and victory through a consciousness of the relation which the human spirit sustains to God and the world—which, whenever it is discerned, is seen to be one of unity.

For a church located as the First Congregational of San Francisco is the opportunity and the obligation are exceptional. The Pacific rejoices with pastor and people because of what has been achieved, because of the great field for world-wide service opened before them, and also because of the spirit of catholicity which must be characteristic in this age of the world of every church which is to enter with moulding influence into the religious life of the future.

ON, ON FOREVER.

Beneath this starry arch
  Nought resteth or is still;
  But all things hold their march,
As if by one great will:
Moves one, move all: hark to the footfall!
  On, on, forever!

Yon sheaves were once but seed;
Will ripens into deed;
As eave-drops swell the streams,
Day-thoughts feed nightly dreams;
And sorrow tracketh wrong,
As echo follows song;
  On, on, forever!

By night, like stars on high,
  The hours reveal their train;
They whisper and go by:
  I never watch in vain.
  Moves one, move all: hark to the foot-fall!

They pass the cradle-head,
And there a promise shed;
They pass the moist new grave,
And bid rank verdure wave.
They bear through every clime
The harvest of all time.
  On, on, forever!

—Harriet Martineau.

CHRIST IN YOU THE HOPE OF GLORY.

Dedicatory Sermon by Dr. Charles F. Aked at the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, Sunday, February 28, 1915.

Text—Colossians 1:27: Christ in you the hope of glory.

Hear the words of Scripture: "Who is left among you that saw this house in its former glory, and how do you see it now?" "This is the Lord's doing and it is marvellous in our eyes." "For the precious things of all nations shall come: and I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of Hosts. The silver is Mine and the gold is Mine; and the latter glory of this house shall be greater than the former, saith the Lord of Hosts, and in this place will I bless My people with peace." "All the ends of the earth shall praise Thee, O God." "O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come." "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, even lift them up ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in. Who is this King of Glory? The Lord, strong and mighty, He is the King of Glory." Wherefore, lift up your heads in proud rejoicing, ye who have built this house of prayer, even lift up your hearts in deathless praises; "for the King of Glory has come in." "The light of the knowledge of the glory of God hath shone" into our souls from the face of His Eternal Son, and "Christ in us is the hope of glory."

But we cannot define it! How feeble are the dictionary words and phrases: "Distinguished honor or ornament; illustrious condition; fame; renown"! The dictionary does not know everything. The lexicon, defining the Greek word of which this is the translation, is scarcely wiser: "Glory, lustre, splendor, effulgence"—but what does the lexicon know of the passion of adoring love which strives for utterance in the soul of a man like Paul?

For this is one of Paul's magical, mystical sayings. Listen to him again, every familiar sentence fresh as the morning-glory with the dewdrop in it and radiant as the burning noon: "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me." "I live, and yet it is no longer I; it is Christ that lives in me." "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creation"—not "any other creature": this is no sublime et cetera—"nor a new creation, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." So then, "in everything give thanks." "Rejoice! And again I say unto you, Rejoice!" "Christ in you the hope of glory."

This man Paul has attained to the glory of living; not glory of warrior, nor glory of orator, nor glory of song; more than the "glory of virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong"—the "glory of going on," and still to be—to be with Christ. He lived! And yet he felt in some mysterious way that it was not he that lived at all. It was another Will that had taken possession of his will; it was another Personality that had subjugated his own. And instead of humiliation in the thought of such subjection there was a dignity; there was greatness; there was a new sense of power. This was life at last. All that he had known or dreamed before was but the feeblest adumbration of this life of throbbing purpose and consecrated manhood. Was the other man Paul, that man of the past? And was that cramped life his? Nay, but this is Paul, and now he truly lives. For Christ is in him, his glorious hope:

"Christ! I am Christ's! and let the name suffice you
Ay, for me too He greatly hath sufficed:
Lo with no winning words I would entice you,
Paul has no honor and no friend but Christ.

Yea thro' life, death, thro' sorrow and thro' sinning
He shall suffice me, for He hath sufficed:
Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning,
Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ."

In the spirit of Paul the Apostle we dedicate this house to the glory of God revealed in Jesus of Nazareth, who has become in our hearts Christ, the hope of glory.

It is very wonderful for us, here on the western edge of civilization, in the midst of the pomp and pageantry of the Panama-Pacific Exposition of 1915, celebrating the bridal of the Atlantic with the Pacific, to transport ourselves to that world on the Mediterranean shores into which, nineteen centuries ago, Paul flung this flaming thought. It is difficult to do this, but the mental effort is fruitful of spiritual invigoration. Let us make the attempt.

First: What are the essential characteristics of civilization and democracy without which characteristics civilization remains uncivilized and democracy does not exist? The answer is not difficult: Personal liberty under the safeguards of constitutional government; popular education; recognition of the worth of manhood, respect for womanhood, reverence for childhood, care of the unfortunate, the aged, the sick, and the poor. These are the "notes" of a civilization which is worthy of its name. How was it with the world to which Paul came with his message that Christ is the hope of glory?

There was no constitutional government. The empire was an absolute despotism. Divine origin was claimed for the head of the state, and in his lifetime divine honors were accorded him—though neither he nor his satellites believed in the divine. The emperor was, in Gibbon's terrible phrase, at once a priest, an athiest, and a god. Six of the emperors who lived in the century to which Paul spoke are described by the same historian in these telling phrases: "The dark, unrelenting Tiberius; the ferocious Caligua; the feeble Claudius; the profligate and cruel Nero; the beastly Vitellius; the timid and inhuman Domitian." Labor throughout the empire was slave labor. The population of the city of Rome was 1,600,000. There were 300,000 free citizens, with 300,000 women and children, and 900,000 slaves. In the empire there could not have been fewer than 60,000,000 slaves. Education, except for the rich and powerful, there was none. The sacredness of human life was a doctrine still waiting to be born. When a gay young friend said to Flaminius that he had never seen a man in the agonies of death, the patrician obligingly had a slave killed that his guest might enjoy the spectacle. Heliogabalus and Galerius are said by the historians of their day to have regaled themselves when dining with the sight of criminals torn by wild beasts.

The Colosseum at Rome was capable of seating 87,000 persons. It was there that men created erect in God's own image were butchered to make a Roman holiday. Julius Caesar, the mighty man of Roman history, gave to the populace a show in which 320 pairs of gladiators fought. Titus, described as "the darling of the human race," arranged a series of spectacles which lasted one hundred days. He brought 5,000 wild beats into the arena, and thousands of Jews, victims from Jerusalem and Judea, were slaughtered by them. Trajan, called "the Just," celebrated a triumph in which 10,000 men fought in the arena. Domitian, when the people wearied of ordinary bloodshed, compelled dwarfs and women to fight in his gladiatorial

shows. Criminals who were condemned to death were given over to the theatre and were crucified or burnt alive before the spectators who revelled in ever deepening horror.

And as for the rest, it is a simple matter of history that charity, what we call philanthropy, was created by Christianity. The testimony of Lecky, not a professional apologist for our religion, is final: "For the first time in the history of mankind, Christianity inspired many thousands of men and women, at the sacrifice of all worldly interests, and often under circumstances of extreme discomfort or danger, to devote their entire lives to the single object of assuaging the sufferings of humanity. Christianity has covered the globe with countless institutions of mercy, absolutely unknown to the whole pagan world."

But how? Do great men produce great ages or do great ages produce great men? Emerson will answer you that an institution is only the lengthened shadow of a man—Protestantism of Martin Luther, Quakerism of George Fox, Abolitionism of Thomas Clarkson. All history, Emerson says, resolves itself quite easily into the life story of a few stout and earnest personalities. And these personalities with a consonant voice proclaim that Christ has been in them the inspiration of heroic living, while the world and the ages see that He has been in them the hope of glory.

For this is the marvellous thing. You may call the roll of the centuries from the nineteenth to the first of the Christian era; after wide reading and careful thought and free discussion with others as studious as yourself make up your mind as to the greatest man in each century; and behold, this man is one in whom reigns the spirit of Christ. You will not agree with your neighbor in every particular of his definition of supreme greatness; but in the main it will be conceded that these attributes must be comprehended by it: Commanding ability, noble character, wide and enduring influence for good affecting the human race. When you have compiled your list it will not be identical with the list drawn up by your friend. In some of the centuries you will find room for great divergence or judgment. Perhaps amongst one hundred lists drawn up by a hundred highly cultivated men and women there would not be more than ten alike. Yet this fact of tremendous and overwhelming significance would emerge: In every century, from that of the crucifixion to the close of the nineteenth, our greatest man is one who is not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, the power of God unto salvation.

You may challenge my choice as I proceed, but when you have inserted the name of your own choice instead of that of the preacher the conclusion is unchanged. You have only substituted the name of one Christian for another.

In the nineteenth century the greatest man—and you will remember the definition: Commanding ability, noble character, wide and enduring influence for good affecting the race—in the nineteenth century you may choose between Gladstone and Abraham Lincoln. Gladstone in his early youth avowed himself a servant of Christ, lived to make the love of God the habit of his soul, and died in the assurance of immortality brought to light by the Gospel. Lincoln never joined a church because the churches of his day with which he was acquainted were too theological and not sufficiently spiritual. In his great heart there was no room for a loveless creed. But he stood ready to join a church which would set up as its only test of membership Christ's demands: love of God and love of neighbor. From the time of the Emancipation Proclamation onward Lincoln felt himself to be, in his own words, "a humble instrument in our heavenly Father's hands."

In the eighteenth century again choice is free. It may fall upon John Wesley who indisputably bestrides the old world like a Colossus while his contemporaries of European fame, the giants of their time, seen in the light of history are pigmies beside him; or it may be George Washington, the Father of his Country, taking the communion regularly until middle life, and in thought and deed yielding himself to the One whom he loved to call "the All-wise Disposer of events"; in the supreme crisis of his life and of the life of this new-born nation declaring: "We will erect a standard to which the wise and good may repair: the issue is in the hands of God."

In the seventeenth century—though you may be equally positive about an entirely different choice—to me it seems that the selection admits of neither doubt or discussion. The world's greatest is Oliver Cromwell, uncrowned king of men, esteeming himself in every action of his life a humble servant of Christ, with his conviction that "man never mounts so high nor travels so far as when he knows not whither he is going"—but trusts himself to God.

In the sixteenth century—does any human being whose judgment is entitled to respect dispute this—the world's greatest is that warrior of the Cross, whose words were half battles, whose hymns were entire campaigns, grand Martin Luther, with his: "Here I stand: God help me; I can do no other."

In the fifteenth century we are agreed:

"Whatever can be known of earth, we know,"
Sneered Europe's wise men in their snail shells curled.
"No"; said one man in Genoa; and that "No"
Out of the darkness summoned this new world.

We have raised a monument to him from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast, from the frozen North to the glowing South; we call it America, with its power of today and its promise of tomorrow, and a hundred millions of free men and women to proclaim the greatness of Christopher Columbus—of Columbus, whose devotion to Christ was such that he could not sign his name without calling upon Christ his Saviour.

I may not detain you while I investigate each preceding century and exhibit reasons for the selection. The investigation can be made. It has been made and the list completed. The result stands sure. Right on through the centuries, the light of history shining but dimly in the murk of the dark ages, the men who made the centuries are the men who were made by Christ—on from Columbus in the fifteenth century to Dante in the thirteenth and Gregory in the sixth to the first century and the greatest of them all, the greatest of the human race save that peerless thorn-crowned one not to be lightly named with even the most favored of the children of men, to this Apostle of nations, with his boundless ambitions and his fiery soul, writing across every century and across the brow of time itself the open secret of human achievement and immortal fame; Christ in us the hope of glory! We, citizens of the United States in the dawn of the twentieth century, we are the children of his breath, the creation of the genius and devotion of Paul. We owe to him, a distinguished Frenchman, August Sabatier, being witness, "not only the character of our religion but our personal and political liberty. His spirit pervades the thousand ramifications of our

civilization, from individual conduct to the highest scientific authority. Anglo-Saxon society is the work of Paul." And Paul was the work of the Risen Lord of Light and Life and Love. And Christ in us is the hope of glory.

The world of the twentieth century cannot dispense with the faith on which preceding centuries have been built. Christ must be for the world of today the hope of glory or the world of tomorrow is doomed. It is written in the counsels of the Most High that man shall not live by stocks and bonds alone but by faith and hope and love. The essential of a living age is a living faith, and the men who have lost their faith know this best.

You have not, surely, forgotten those words of heart-searching pathos, musical as a sonata of Beethoven, but, alas, mournful as a funeral march without the looked-for note of resurrection at the close, those words with which George John Romanes, before he found his way back to God, avowed his rejection of the religion of Christ:

"And forasmuch as I am far from being able to agree with those who affirm that the twilight doctrine of the 'new faith' is a desirable substitute for the waning splendor of the old, I am not ashamed to confess that with this virtual negation of God the universe to me has lost its soul of loveliness; and although from henceforth the precept of 'work while it is day' will doubtless but gain an intensified force from the terribly intensified meaning of the words that 'the night cometh when no man can work,' yet when at times I think, as think at times I must, of the appalling contrast between the hallowed glory of that creed which once was mine, and the lonely mystery of existence as now I find it,—at such time I shall ever feel it impossible to avoid the sharpest pang which my nature can bear."

The generation which heard that sad confession from Romanes received another at the hands of Frederic Harrison, high priest of Positivism, chief amongst those reverent unbelievers who in the latter part of the nineteenth century tried to establish a Christianity without Christ. More than five and twenty years have passed since Harrison uttered his cry for a living faith. I stood upon the threshold of my life's work for the Master, but I have never forgotten the spirit of the man nor his words. Today it would be difficult for a Christian teacher to express more eloquently, more persuasively, the need of our human nature for God. Frederic Harrison called before him Job, David, Solomon, and the prophets; Paul, Augustine, Gregory, and Bernard; a'Kempis, Bunyan, Taylor, and Wesley; with countless witnesses, Jewish, Christian, Mohammedan, Confucian, Buddhist, Protestant, Catholic, and Deist; and all, he declared, however they differed from each other in the form of their thought, were one in its substance. From all souls welled a single emotion: "My heart and my flesh cry out for God, yea, for the Living God." It would be idle, Harrison said, to attempt to repeat in the feeble tone of a far-away echo the arguments, the appeals, the yearning cry of these and of an army of preachers for thousands of years as to the hollowness of life, the feebleness of man, without an object of awe and love. And he goes on: "Not a word of all this has ever been shaken, not a word of it has even been impugned." Human nature unredeemed by any touch of divinity and uninspired by some lofty hope is a frail and senseless thing. And this is as true today—terribly or happily according as we choose to make it—as when the first man stood God-conquered with his face to heaven upturned.

To such testimony I add only this, and it is well within your own knowledge. The finest and most finished product of French culture who, from the vantage ground of the Parisian Theatre, has in our own time spoken to the civilized world, is Eugene Brieux. The flower of Judiaism is represented in the English world of letters by Israel Zangwill. Brieux in that superb play "La Foi," and Zangwill in "A New Religion," have alike brought the strength of their genius to bear upon the task of proclaiming to the twentieth century the imperious need of the human heart for communion with a Living God.

Herein is the explanation of our presence in this church today. We know that a community without a religion is dead even while it lives. Righteousness alone exalteth a nation. Where there is no vision the people perish. As with prayer and praise and in communion with the Highest we dedicate this church to the greater glory of God, we dedicate it to the making of men and women and the making of nations. We dedicate it to America! The material wealth of cities, the integrity of states, the happiness of kingdoms, the grandeur of a republic, all go back to this, to the number of good men and women they can produce. And for turning the raw material of human nature into souls of good quality no machinery has been devised to compare with the Church of Christ. This Church is our contribution to the stability of the social order, to the permanence of American institutions, to the propagation of the principles for which America stands in our modern world, to the perpetuation of the forces which called her into existence and by which she lives. This is our gift to the greatness of the land we love.

This were no true dedication service if we failed to dedicate ourselves. We cannot consecrate the church save as we consecrate our lives. We dedicate this building only in so far as from day to day we dedicate ourselves to new and holier fidelities. To this I call you, even as I hear the summons in my own soul: "Come and let us return unto the Lord; let us return unto the Lord together." The centuries look down upon us. Grand memories upon us shine. The dead are not dead but alive. They speak to us from their home in the glory-land. Lean out your souls and listen.

Wycliffe, morning star of the Reformation; Martin Luther, solitary monk that shook the world; John Calvin—the faith you held and taught entered like iron into the blood of re-born nations, stormed the fortifications of tyranny, and flung wide to the breezes on land and sea the banner of civil and religious liberty! Ulrich Zwingli, broadest Broad Churchman of the Reformation and father of all such as love the freedom of the souls of men, you saw as in a vision that "future assembly of all the saintly, the heroic, the faithful, and the virtuous, in which Abel, Enoch and Noah, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, should meet with Socrates, Aristides and Antigonus, with Hercules, with Theseus, and the Catos in the home where every good man who has ever lived will be present with his God! John Knox, they said of you beside your coffined clay, Here lies one who never feared the face of man," and today wherever on this old earth the sons and daughters of Scotland maintain the "crown-rights of King Jesus" your soul goes marching on!

John Robinson, you charged us to remember it! Three centuries have passed, but your words are flaming in the heart of Christendom as though you had spoken to us yestere'en. You said it was an article of our Church Covenant. We hold it true: "The Lord hath yet more light

and truth to break forth from His holy word."

Bunyan, into your prison cell there shone the light that never was on sea or land, the consecration and the poet's dream;—dear John Bunyan, the Pilgrim's Progress from the City of Destruction over the Delectable Mountains to Beulah Land is still your own. John Wesley, you saved a nation from the corruption and destruction of sin—patriarch, prophet, priest! Beloved Carey, first in the history of Protestantism you thought of the nations beyond. You gave the Bible to India. You opened to the Gospel the massive gates and frowning battlements of Asiatic heathendom. Your blood flows crimson, warm, today in the veins of every missionary in the midnight lands. Henry Ward Beecher, your lips touched with a live coal off the altar of our God, greatest preacher since the Apostle Paul received the purple crown of martyrdom from the hands of his ascended Lord; old hard creeds, conceived in the cruelty of African nights and born and nourished in the dark ages of European history, melted in the warmth of your smile. You taught us all again that God is love.

O heroes of our faith, with all the hosts of heaven made perfect in the light of the Father's countenance, come forth from your place above the stars of God and tell us,—What is the secret of your life below, the crown of your rejoicing above, and your legacy of inspiration to mankind? And with a single voice they answer: Christ in us the hope of glory: **Christus Consolator, Christus Victor, Christus Imperator**—Christ the Comforter, Christ victorious, Christ the Living Lord of All—Christ in you the hope of glory!

Brethren, men and women who have built this church and you who now join us in the solemn act of dedication, the Past appeals to us, and upon our heads the Future lays its consecrating hands. We are the Trustees of imperial possessions. We inherit from men who were empire-builders only because they were pioneers of thought, torch-bearers of truth, prophets of righteousness, martyrs of the Cross. In everything we are sprung of earth's first blood, have titles manifold. Our fathers lived not, died not, for themselves. They saw visions and dreamed dreams. They beheld the light and whence it flows. They followed it in faith. With dying breath they bequeathed to us this priceless heritage, but not that it might perish in the using. Living we must guard it jealously, with that unceasing vigilance which is the price of liberty; and when our eye is dimmed and our natural forces abated we must hand it down to those who shall come after us, to ages yet unborn and to all lands that love the light, this large estate of faith and freedom made richer by our gifts and sacrifice, our chivalry and consecration, our immovable fidelity to conscience and the eternal truths of God. Fight the good fight! Keep the faith! The Kingdom of Heaven is within; but we must also make it without. Let us dedicate ourselves afresh to the service of man, which is the true worship of God, in the sure and certain hope that as it was in the beginning of the Christian faith, so is it now and so shall it be, world without end: Christ in us the hope of glory.

"O the god of the gulls goes straight and swift,
Whatever winds may be;
Straight he goes and swift he goes,
Over the secret sea."

DEDICATORY PRAYER, FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO.

Almighty and Everliving God, by whose gracious power all living things are nourished and sustained, we bless Thee that though the heavens cannot contain Thee, and though Thou dwellest not in temples made by hands, yet thou dost abide with men and hast taught us by thy Spirit to love the place where men gather together to worship Thee.

We bless Thee, Our Father, for the Church of Christ founded upon the prophets and apostles, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner stone. We bless thee for the multitude whom no man can number who burdened and heavy hearted have found refuge under her sheltering shadow and have been comforted. We pray Thee, Our Father, for her set in the midst of the perplexities of a changing order and face to face with a great new task. Give to her, we humbly pray, a clearer vision of the Gospel of her Lord, a larger compassion for those in need—a more ready loyalty to Thy holy will.

And now, our Father, we bless Thee for this Church of Christ, where others have labored fruitfully and abundantly, into whose labors we are permitted to enter. We humbly pray thee that this house which thy people have builded to the glory of Thy Name may indeed become a House of God—a gate of Heaven.

Here may thy children come to pray until the heavens are opened and they are able to live day by day in the clear shining of Thy Presence. Here may we learn to serve the needs of men until the fruits of the eternal spirit are manifest in their lives. Here may they learn to praise until the joy of the Lord is their strength, until Christ shall become in them the hope of glory. Here may they learn to offer their gifts, their gold and their silver with which thou hast entrusted them; their time and strength which thou hast given them.

We bless thee too, Our Father, for the pastor of this church, whom thou hast so singularly gifted in mind and heart and upon whom thou hast bestowed in great measure the power of leadership. We pray thee that he, and those who in years that stretch beyond our days may follow him, may be taught by thy grace to lead thy people so that they may be able to open the eyes of the blind, to unstop the ears of the deaf, to open the prison house, for those who are bound by selfishness and sordidness and shame, to comfort the broken hearted. Give to thy servant, the pastor of this church, we pray thee, the hearts of boys and girls, that in the day of their temptation they may find the way of escape. Give to him the hearts of young men and maidens, that in the hour when they see all the kingdoms of this world they may not fail to see the greater glory of the Kingdom of God. Give to him increasing measure, we pray thee, the prophetic power to speak to the hearts of the men and women who bear the strain of toil, that they may learn to endure as seeing Him who is invisible. Here may there come those who watch the shadows lengthen, that they may be delivered from all fear and bitterness until they enter into the peace of God.

Here may thy servants be inspired to serve the need of this great city where are multitudes who know not the way of life.

And now, O God who reigneth in silence above the turmoils of our noisy lives, look upon our perplexed and troubled world, where men and nations have not yet awak-

ened from the awful dream of hate, and grant, we pray, thee, that the word of life from this place of power may be joined to all the forces which are recreating the world in righteousness and power, until men shall learn war no more, until there shall be none to hurt or destroy, until the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the lands as the waters cover the sea.

And so, O God, may the glory of the Lord fill this house and the Spirit of Christ dwell within this people, their hope and glory.

Amen.

THE DEDICATORY SERVICES OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO.

At three o'clock last Sunday afternoon the large auditorium of the new house of worship of the First Congregational Church in San Francisco was crowded by the people of San Francisco and the other bay cities. At that time it was first used for the holding of those services for which it was that afternoon solemnly dedicated.

The organ prelude was played by Mr. Samuel D. Mayer, organist emeritus, who had served the church for 43 years. Following an old English custom, there was a "Bidding Prayer" by Dr. Aked:

"In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit! Ye shall pray for the Holy Catholic Church of Christ, that is to say, for the whole congregation of Christian people dispersed throughout the world, the Church of all good men and women everywhere: and herein I require you most especially to pray for the ministers of God's holy Word and Sacraments, as well the pastor of this Church as other pastors and preachers in this commonwealth, and for all missionaries in far lands, that from the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same the incense of a pure offering may be offered unto the one true and living God, that His name may be great among the nations. Ye shall pray for the President of the United States, the Governor of California, and the Mayor of San Francisco, together with all who are joined with these in administration and righteous rule, and for all judges and magistrates, that justice may be done in the name of the Most High God who reigneth for evermore. Also ye shall pray for the people of this Republic that they may live in the true faith and fear of God, in obedience to the laws, and in charity one to another, crying in your hearts, God save the people! Finally, ye shall praise God for all those who have departed out of this life in the faith of Christ, blessing His most holy name for them that do encompass us as a cloud of witnesses and make the distant heaven a home unto our waiting hearts; that we may have grace to direct our lives after their good example, praying unto God fervently that when earth's journey shall be ended we may be made partakers with them of the glorious resurrection in the life everlasting. And after this manner ye shall likewise pray:

(At this puncture the minister and congregation united in the Lord's Prayer.)

The scripture reading was by Dr. Van Horn, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oakland. The selections were psalm 122, 122, 126.

Then Dr. L. D. Rathbone, the Superinteendent of the Northern California Congregational Conference, led the congregation in the recitation of the New Congregational Creed.

The dedicatory sermon which was given by Dr. Aked is printed in full in this issue of the Pacific, as is also the dedicatory prayer which was by Dr. Brooks, the pastor of the First Church of Berkeley.

The closing prayer and benediction was by that greatly beloved veteran, Dr. W. C. Pond.

Among the hymns that were sung was the following which was written by Dr. Aked:

"By Thy Spirit, God of Glory,
By Thy Spirit, Sovereign Lord,
Sun and stars proclaim Thy story,
Earth and sea declare Thy word.
By Thy spirit, storm and splendour,
Death and life Thy praises sing;
To Thy throne in sweet surrender,
Youth and age their tribute bring.

"By Thy spirit, God of Heaven,
By Thy Spirit, O Most High,
We with doubt and fear have striven,
Raised to Thee our tear-dimmed eye.
By Thy Spirit Thou hast found us,
Weak and weary, tempest tossed,
Set Thine arms of love around us,
Healed the sick and saved the lost.

"By Thy Spirit, Lord, befriend us,
By Thy Spirit guard and guide;
Faith, and hope, and love attend us,
Ever in our hearts abide.
Be the life by Thee protected,
Filled and fired by grace divine,
By Thy Spirit still directed,
Make and keep us wholly Thine."

The auditorium is an exceptionally beautiful one, and was greatly admired by the people in attendance Sunday afternoon. The decorations are tasteful and such as are conducive to a worshipful spirit. Fifteen hundred persons can be seated easily and most comfortably; and such are the arrangements that eighteen hundred can be accomodated within sight and hearing of the pulpit if need be. The accoustics seem to be perfect. The entrance room to the gallery is a large one extending across the front part of the building, which, carpeted and furnished, has an air of sociability which doubtless will be quite appealing with its call to linger after service in friendly converse.

On the walls above the side galleries, but so as to be visible from all parts of the auditorium are the names of some of the great leaders of the Church Universal: Wycliffe, Luther, Calvin, Zwingli, Knox—on one side; on the other: Robinson, Bunyan, Wesley, Carey, Belcher.

Over the chancel is the inscription: "All the ends of the earth shall praise Thee, O God." And in the gallery facing the chancel are the words: Christus Consolator, Christus Victor, Christus Imperator.

Sunday-school, prayer-meeting, and social rooms are in the basement which is well lighted by the light of day. In the large room in the basement more than seven hundred persons can dine at one time.

A picture of the building appears in the Pacific this week. Pleasing in exterior, it has been pronounced by good judges one of the most beautiful buildings in San Fran-

cisco, and it well adorns a corner of the block two corners of which are occupied by the stately St. Francis hotel.

The cost is $160,000 exclusive of the furnishings, and it was dedicated without indebtedness.

THE "HOUSE WARMING," FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO.

This was held in the large room in the basement of the new building on Monday evening of this week. Four hundred and sixty persons partook of the dinner, which was tastefully served by the ladies of the church. Among the invited guests were 80 members of the Central Methodist Church of San Francisco, whose building had been fraternally tendered to the ladies of the Congregational Church while their building was being constructed, and which had had large use by the latter in a missionary and social way.

Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, the president of the University of California, presided at this meeting in a delightful manner. He remarked that the sitting down together of Congregationalists and Methodists was a veritable agape, and that he knew not what would come out of such a union unless it should be Baptists. He told humorously of an experience of his once in Reno—where he had gone to give the baccalaureate address—when a bar room attendant came up to him, grasped his hand and exclaimed: "Pardner, I heard you preach this morning, and your theology and mine is about the same." Dr. Wheeler was of opinion that he must have taken rather a broad position that day.

He congratulated the First Congregational Church in that it had not left the business center of the city and pursued its comfort in the suburbs. He spoke of the new building as most beautiful and suitable; was glad that the church was broad and catholic in spirit, and that in Dr. Aked it had a leadership unsurpassed—a man who by his preaching was shaping the civic life.

As to the Church of Christ, President Wheeler remarked that he did not find it getting out of date in these days when the order of things was considerably disturbed. Christianity is being reshaped, and will be reshaped. The Church must get rid of all its swaddling clothes. Religious truth must be adapted to the minds of all the peoples. To tell a Chinaman rightly of the Christian religion a man must needs get down deep into it.

With reference to denominationalism President Wheeler remarked that all denominations in the past had stood for an ideal. Let it be so until all fully ripened the totality shall be deposited and we attain unto the unity of faith.

Dr. Aked told of the joy of achievement—a joy shared by all that night. In the new building, exquisite in taste, they had all that they wanted—more than they had expected to get. He paid tribute to the Building Committee, especially to Deacon I. H. Morse. Driven by illness out of business he had been given really a bigger business, that of building this church for San Francisco. So constant and so close had been Mr. Morse's attention and supervision that he had shaken hands with every cubic foot of concrete in the building, and every nail and every ounce of paint ought to arise and call him blessed. In brief, said Dr. Aked, Mr. Morse had been energy incarnate, a minister of strength to all, without whom they would not have the new building, and all were asked to arise and with good "Spring Valley" water drink to his health.

Deacon Morse was called on to respond, and his response, along with his tribute to the members gone on into the other life, to those yet here for their hearty cooperation, and to those who fashioned the edifice so conscientiously, will be found elsewhere in The Pacific this week.

Let all who read it strive to emulate the men and women to whom tribute is there so worthily paid!

Among the exceedingly pleasing events of the evening was the tribute paid by Dr. Aked to Mrs. Aked—setting forth in a few words what all—himself among them—owed to Mrs. Aked, to her taste and instinct, daily and hourly consulted as the building was being planned and constructed.

In the absence of Mrs. Mary S. Merrill, the president of the Woman's Association, Mrs. Hazlett read her message to the ladies of the Methodist Church and then she herself in graceful ways and words voiced the appreciation of the women of the Congregational Church, of what had come to them from the women of the Methodist Church, and presented a beautiful bronze clock as a testimonial and memorial of what had come on the love ship sent forth to them by their Methodist sisters.

Mrs. Kinsman of the Central Methodist Church, referring to the old saying that two families could not live amicably under the same roof, remarked that it had been demonstrated in these eighten months that two denominations could. Mrs. Kinsman told of the little girl taken from a Methodist home into a Presbyterian one, and of her longing to go to church once more though taken regularly to the Presbyterian church, and expressed the hope that the Congregational clock would ever tick contentedly on the mantel over the fireplace in the Methodist church.

The Rev. C. L. Mears, the moderator of th Northern California Congregational Conference, saluted and congratulated the Church in the name of the Conference. He told of his impressions of this San Francisco church when he was pastor in Reno and how he had felt that same brotherliness and love in a still greater degree when he had come to Alameda. He told of the love the fellowship had for Deacon Morse; congratulated the church in that it had stayed on the battle line, and in that, with Dr. Aked as preacher, it stood as one of the great world pulpits.

During the evening Dr. Aked read a telegram received on Saturday from the Rev. Dr. W. H. Day of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles which was to the pastor and members as follows: "Greetings! May the beautiful new church home make possible an even larger ministry to the city, to the state and to the world. Notwithstanding the five hundred miles which separate us, with genuine faith and great joy we would be sharers in the service of dedication. By vote of the Church."

To Dr. Aked on Saturday came this word from the Rev. A. W. Palmer of Oakland:

"Just a word of congratulation and good wishes for Sunday. I know something of how you feel in bringing the new building actually to the point of dedication—and from all I hear it is a most beautiful and admirable auditorium.

"May the day be a great day for you all, and may you be with us here on the Pacific Coast many years to make the new church a center of power for sanity and right living. We are all strengthened by your strength."

The following came to Dr. Aked from Dr. Sibley, pastor of Calvary Presbyterian Church:

"In this season of great joy I desire to send you a word of heartiest congratulations and good wishes. Calvary Presbyterian Church and the First Congregational Church

have through three score years been fellow workers and companions in the great work of Christianity in San Francisco. May their ancient comradeship in the common cause be duplicated by the united front with which Protestantism shall press forward.

"With your leadership and the splendid new temple of worship the First Congregational Church is just on the threshold of the greatest era of her history. As the minister of Calvary Church, I want to extend the warmest good wishes both to the pastor and congregation of the First Congregational Church. May the richest grace of service and abundance of success belong to the Church that is to have such a happy occasion next week."

The following was from Dr. Lathrop of the Church of The Advent:

"I want to add my line of congratulation and good wishes to you in the beginning of your work in your new church. I realize very deeply the need of a continual voice in our community raised to present higher ideals in connection with our community life. I think it is fair to say that San Francisco, because of the fact that she is so new and so utterly devoid of the older traditions handed down from past generations, has too many cynical-minded men who take a standard that already exists, and object vehemently to being troubled by any criticism or suggestion that they are accepting a standard that is impossible for a Christian man.

I appreciate the great opoprtunities that your new church is going to give you, and I offer my congratulations and sincere good wishes for your great work."

Secretary McCoy of the Y. M. C. A. wrote to Dr. Aked on Monday:

"Allow me to congratulate you most sincerely on your splendid achievement and success. May the best things of your life be in the future years, and may all your blessings be crowned with good health. I rejoice with you in the outcome of your enterprise and have the largest admiration for you and your great work."

An "Interdenominational Fellowship Meeting" was held in the church on Tuesday evening. Dr. David Starr Jordan of Stanford University presided, and gave an address on "Christianity and War." The other speakers were: The Rev. Dr. Burlingame of the Baptist Church, the Rev. Dr. Stephens of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Rev. Dean Gresham of the Protestant Episcopal, the Rev. Dr. Guthrie of the Presbyterian, and the Rev. C. S. Dutton of the Unitarian.

All of the speakers congratulated Dr. Aked and the church most heartily and cordially on what had been achieved and on the outlook for service in the heart of the business center of this great city.

I will not allow that any life is successful, in the highest sense, which has not an ideal element, which does not recognize its wonderful relation to the sum of things, which does not expand and thrill with its sense of this relation, which is not deeply stirred with thankfulness for all the use and splendor that minister unto us from the moment of our arrival here until we go the way that all must go at length.—John White Chadwick.

To perserve in one's duty and to be silent is the first answer to calumny.—Washington.

AN ADDRESS BY DEACON I. H. MORSE OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO.

(This address was given at the dinner in the church on Monday evening. And was in response to the toast by Dr. Aked on "Our Building Committee.—Editor.)

The chairman of the building committee usually endorses the remarks of the minister, but upon this occasion he will need time for reflection and I am sure the audience will pardon me if I do not at once recognize the picture which he has painted before you.

It is true that I have been chairman of the Committee; it is also true I can assure you that I never permitted myself to believe that that "which ought to be done would not be done," and in that I acknowledge the soft impeachment.

The Building committee claims for itself that it is unique in that it has procured a larger value for the money expended in its construction than any other building for public purposes ever builded in San Francisco. It is unique in that while all of these things may be rightly claimed for it, its chief claim is that its wise judgement in the selection of an architect, and good sense in leaving him to work out his design unhampered, by unwise interference, have produced for this community this beautiful structure, classic in its exterior; in its interior, perfect in proportion and harmony of color and design.

The committee has no hesitation in challenging the criticism of any competent judge and will present the building to the Church Society with no reservations or apologies, when it is complete and ready for business.

I believe in an overruling providence, and here we have one of the most convincing proofs of its reality. Many asked why did Dr. Aked leave New York? Here is my answer: And this building, which will stand as long as the City stands, will for all of that time be an eloquent testimonial to the truth that God has for certain men a definite work to do; and as God denied to David the building of the Temple so has he given to this modern Solomon the building of this house.

Amid the swirl of business, amid the Temples of Mammon, within hearing of the revelries of the scarlet woman, and the gayety and frivolity of a great modern city, with its open door and its solemn impressiveness, will stand this beautiful temple dedicated to the service of Almighty God, arresting the attention of the careless and heedless, ever reminding men and women of the vanity of earthly things, and the permanence of things heavenly—standing for the only things which will permanently bring hope and comfort into the hearts and lives of the weary and heavy laden, and joy and peace where despair and misery hold their sway.

"I am come a light unto the world, that whosoever believeth on me should not abide in darkness." This will be the message that shines forth from this City set upon a hill, and they shall come from the East and the West from the North and the South, from the highest civilization of this 20th century, from the Islands of the Sea, from the dark continent and where-ever men abide before this building crumbles to dust—from every country and every clime will worshippers come to lay their gifts at this altar of the living God. And many Pauls shall here declare "The unknown God."

The remarks which I intended to make to the moderator

as I delivered this building into his hands in accordance with the established order which makes him the custodian of the property, will have to be deferred until the last holiday is discovered and every thing tried out.

In delivering to you, Dr. Aked, the occupancy of this Temple, I charge you that you preserve the traditions of our fathers, in all their broad catholicity, that you depart not from the message that shines from the summit of Calvary, that you be bound by but one bond—that bond which links earth to heaven, which, rejecting man made creed and dogma holds fast to the eternal principles of moral good—the essential and fundamental truths which Christ from the Sermon on the Mount, from the Garden of Gethsemane, from the summit of Calvary, delivered for the salvation of the world.

The church is the fountain out of which the richest and best things flow, she is the inspiration to all that is good in the world; to you is given the preservation of the purity of the fountain and we have here erected a building which will enable you to extend the influence of the Church of Christ beyond the dreams of anything you have hitherto known.

I know this is not an after dinner speech, but this is the message that I bring in these glorious days for the First Church. I might well say, "Lord let now thy servant depart in peace for mine eyes have seen the glory of the Lord." I may never speak again and if to-morrow I should be called, if that day which cannot be long delayed, should soon come, I would that my last word tempering the exaltation of the moment would be for the spiritual force of your ministry and your work to excel that which has ever been known upon this coast.

All of this church's past, I have known; a part of some of its history I have been; and standing here to-night it would ill-become me if I failed to pay my tribute to the memories of those whose lives were linked with this church of old, whose greatest joy was in its prosperity, whose greatest loyalty was in its adversity, and who to-night from the land beyond the stars are looking down upon the fruition of their dreams. They laid the foundations upon which we builded. Hunt, Lacy, Stone, Barrows and Adams in the pulpit, and Rankin and Benchley and Clark and Chapin in the Deaconship, and Dodge and Baker and Stiles and Dutton the elder and Hawley in the counsels of the Society builded better than they knew; and here for all the years to come will the influence of their work be felt.

I cannot let this hour go by without reverently laying an immortelle upon the tomb of this church's illustrious women who gave their lives and made possible all that we have to-day. Time and space would fail me to mention many of them by name.

First, our ministers' wives have been **ministers'** wives; and when I have said that there remains no more to be said for a minister's wife who is all that that implies the doors of paradise swing wide.

I must mention Mrs. Barrows, that sweet gentle soul who for nearly twenty five years suffered in uncomplaining pain with a fortitude that is seldom equalled, always living in the sweet and tender memories of her life in this church and never forgetting to send her love to the dear church. Almost her last words were, "Give my love to the dear church," and this is inscribed upon the font which her children have placeed in loving memory in the room above, typical of the love this church has always cherished for her.

The furniture in the chancel is placed there by the children of one of the sweetest souls that ere drew the breath of life. To those who knew her there are no words of mine that could add to the tenderness of the memory we have of Mrs. Charles Holbrook.

Standing out in my memory are the names of Mrs. John Taylor, Mrs. Rankin, Mrs. Benchley, Mrs. Warren (and a host of others) who upon this consecrated ground have consecrated themselves and all they had to the service of the Christ they loved.

Then there comes that long procession of men and women who have worshippeed here; they have passed on into the activities of other churches leaving the blessing of their lives still with us. For them my fervent prayer and glad hosanna! For these are they that have wrought righteousness, and their works do follow them.

To our guests of the evening who have stood shoulder to shoulder with these people in their struggle for the upbuilding of Christ's Kingdom in this City, my heartfelt thanks for the kindly shelter of their hearts and homes during these hours of our exile! May you be blessed in all your works and the peace and love of the Almighty be and abide with you!

To my fellow committeemen, who have shared with me in the "Dolce far niente" of the labors of this committee, my grateful appreciation!

To the members of the Church and Society who have so ably seconded the work of this committee by their abstenation from interfering criticism, my grateful thanks!

To the subscribers to the Building Fund—from that prince of givers, our beloved and lamented brother Edward Coleman, to that widow who laid her winter's dress upon this altar and that long line of sacrificing givers whose sacrifices are only known to the God above— the thanks of generations yet to be, are mingled with the glad refrain, which from our hearts' deepest recesses rises to the Eternal Throne.

The attention of the Church and Society should here be called, in the most emphatic manner, to the invaluable services of Miss Bertha Schraeder. To my suggestion that she be paid for her services, with a generosity almost unparalelled she replied in loving sympathetic words that hers would be a labor of love; and from that day to this the work performed by her cannot be measured in any words of mine. At any moment during all this time I could without notice get from her the actual condition of the subscriptions, and the notices and reminders were always on time. Besides, she has made her contribution to the fund with the same sweet self sacrificing spirit which marks the givers to this fund in a most unusual degree; and her knowledge and judgment have been of the greatest value to me.

Besides all this, most of us know that to be secretary to Dr. Aked is no sinecure; and all of the visible work emanating from that office by the ton is the labor of her hands. For her, our heartfelt prayer! ,

The wisdom of the Building Committee in the making of the contract for construction with but one firm has been most abundantly demonstrated; and I cannot speak too

highly of the ability and thoroughness of Messrs. Stockholm and Allyne who have so successfullly met the desires of the architect and have produced a building which challenges the closest inspection. There is not a corner or cranny of this building which I would not let the carping critic put his microscope upon.

I can assure the subscribers to the building fund that for every penny expended in the construction of this building we have its full value; and if I said more than its full value my words would not be idle.

Again, the harmony between the contractors and the workmen has been delightful to witness, and if all labor were like this, and all employers like these, then the weapons of Capital and Labor would rust in their scabbards and the dawn of the millennium would tinge the industrial horizon.

I want also to pay my tribute of appreciation to the sub-contractors whose names do not appear in the documents.

The Concrete contractors: Mr. H. L. Peterson. I was told at the beginning of the work that no more conscientious and thorough workmen could be found in the city, and I have no hesitation in challenging the closest inspection of their work; the walls of this building could not be more enduring were they built of granite.

The painters (Mr. D. Zelinsky) have finished their work in the highest perfection of the art.

Mr. Knowles, the plasterer, who is responsible for the execution of the designs in plaster, has met the conception of the architect with faithfulness and solidity. His work speaks for itself.

Mr. A. C. Wocker, the decorator, deserves especial mention for the artistic appearance of the auditorium and the thoroughness of its execution.

All of the contractors without exception have met the architect's change of model or plan without one penny of charges. Much of their generosity is woven into the fabric of this building and their names would stand high on the list of subscribers to the building fund. Their contributions cannot be measured in dollars and cents.

But intelligent labor, faithful and efficient contractors —while the structure would not rise without them—are powerless if the idealist and the visionist are absent; and so we look for the men of dreams whose lives are spent in the realms of strength and beauty.

But the idealist never produced anything of permanent value, of practical utility, and here we must come upon a rare combination: our building must be beautiful, it must be strong, it must be useful—failure in any one of these is failure to all. Hence the architect who combines the ideal with the practical has for all the ages of civilization commanded the homage of the world.

When we visit St. Paul's in London, or St. Peter's in Rome, our first thought is of Michael Angelo, and Sir Christopher Wren, and when the visitor to San Francisco visits this shrine his first inquiry will be for the name of the architect who has produced this beautiful structure, faultless in its lines, beautiful in its proportions, chaste in its adornment, and eminently practical and useful.

I have stood by the side of Mr. Reid, the architect of this building, from the hour of its inception, to the hour that the last nail was driven and the last stroke of the brush applied.

I have eagerly watched the unfolding of the conception which we now see in its completed form, and have a better understanding of the devotion to perfection of plan and detail of accomplishment than ever before.

And I have learned that the successful architect will never be satiesfied with less than the very limit of his capacity for producing the best that can be produced by human skill and human imagination.

The architect of this building shares with us in the dawn of that pure bright day, which tells us "That the Lord has builded with us and our labors are not in vain."

"OUR NEIGHBORS, THE JAPANESE."

Arthur Bryant Strong.

Six years in a community where every fifth person was a Japanese might not seem a very inviting experience to many; yet it came to the writer in a rural district near Seattle, Washington.

Thus to meet them every day, to learn to know their names and faces, to deal with them in business matters, at last to become their trusted neighbor, to share with them their burdens, to know something of their heart hungers and ambitions, surely entitles one to an opinion concerning this thrifty people.

Prejudices fall away, new visions of a better future arise, until we say in the words of Mr. Stanwood Cobb, in his late book on "The Real Turk": "The time has gone by when every race not white is assigned to a predestined barbarism. We are beginning to believe that the future may belong to the Chinese, to the Japanese, to the Hindu as well as to the Anglo-Saxon."

James Scherer in his book entitled "Japan Today," says: "Japan is the key to the Orient, but no one has found the key to Japan." But, come to know this people heart to heart and you find that Friendship is the golden key that unlocks the castle of the individual life; may it not be the golden key that will unlock the door to the nation? Are we not slowly learning that it is the only path to the World Peace for which we dream and pray?

Six years among the Japanese as a neighbor have brought us some of the warmest friendships and most pleasant memories of a busy pastor's life; and when we said good-by, last week, at the depot while the train waited to take us to the Southland for a year or more, and we felt the hearty handshake and saw the tears that could not be restrained, with our arms filled with the beautiful flowers that had been brought to bid us adieu, we felt that Friendship is a word so large that it knows no race nor color.

Paul was right when he said: "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth."

May the story of our experience in part help some one to appreciate the "stranger at his door," and help them to enter into the joy of true neighborliness!

Our parish of Bellevue and Medina is a country district lying east of beautiful Lake Washington. This lake, 25 miles long and 3 miles in width, forms the eastern boundary of Seattle. It is the home of the small rancher and of the city toiler who has secured here a little home with all the delights of a suburban home.

The Japanese seem to be the only people with the courage, the muscle and the patience to clear this heavily timbered land and fight the battle with roots and stumps. The

land is taken on a five to seven year lease, strawberries, peas and tomatoes being the main crop.

As a pastor, after the first year I felt it my duty to do something for the stranger at our door. I invited a Japanese pastor from Seattle to come and speak to them. The people were invited. The church doors were opened, the bell was rung, but not a listener came.

Again the same experiment was tried on a day we thought more propitious, but still no audience. I decided to cease being a missionary and just become a real neighbor. A year passes; at this time there came into our home a sister, Miss Janet Knowlton, who had spent fifteen years in the A. M. A. work in the north, and who had learned to love "folks" for just their real worth.

It is to her help and inspiration that we are greatly indebted in all this work. Together we studied our neighbor; but, above all, determined to be truly friendly, and wear the smile that would not come off.

A night school was opened for any who wanted to study English. Only a few came, but it gave us a glimpse of our neighbor's thoughts and ambitions. Another winter came; we are now known as the "folks who like the Japanese." The ice is broken. A little group of leaders gather at our home; plans are talked over. The church and social rooms are offered as a meeting place for their people when notable men come to the city and wish to speak to their own people.

They express a desire not for a church, but for a chance to study Christianity. The suggestion is welcomed. They go to the city and secure Christian Japanese speakers and singers. The night is set; a few of their people come. At the close of the service in the church they return to the dining room for tea. They use the gymnasium for play. The plan works. The initiative has been theirs. More came next time and the next, although it was slow and often discouraging.

We pray, we eat, we laugh, we talk together, we cannot speak their tongue, but we appreciate their manhood and they now trust us.

Christmas comes; the Christmas tree is decorated anew; we discover their love of music and fun, but above all their deep reverence.

Monthly meetings are held during the winter months. At Easter, stereopticon pictures were shown of the Passion week. A neighbor Japanese who had been educated at a Christian school in his own country was asked to come and study the pictures and tell their story to his own people while we threw them on the screen.

He told the story most effectually, as shown by their eager faces and their words of appreciation.

We have sought to make the men of all faiths—Buddhist, Shintoist and Christian—all feel that the service was equally theirs, and a place to come and pray. We have found them far from beings atheists, and all welcome the Christian service. Song books were secured and they love the grand old hymns in their native tongue.

An illustration of their sentiment was shown at the death of the Emperor. A Shintoist neighbor came and asked for the use of the church, saying: "Emperor dead; we want place to pray." The request was granted for the following night,word was sent out, they came, bringing their flags and flowers.

A rap at our door! "Won't you and Mrs. Strong come and sing?" "Sing what?" we asked. "Nearer My God," "Jesus Lover."

We joined with them in the extemporaneous service in which many joined, yet one of the most solemn and impressive services we have ever attended.

Three years have passed. The sense of neighborliness and brotherhood has grown deeper. They are eagerly reading their New Testaments; no longer do they care for the gymnasium after tea, but they sit around the tea tables discussing problems of deep interest to themselves and some bearing a most remarkable testimony. Services are now held on Sabbath afternoon instead of the midweek evenings. They are stopping work on Sunday to a far greater extent than in the past and will soon be a rebuke to some of their American neighbors.

The attendance at their monthly meetings reaches from 30 to 60 men, beside the women and children. They are a warm-hearted, appreciative people, deeply reverent and respond to the one tie that makes the world truly divine, that of friendship and brotherhood, and return to us more than we give. Many can bear testimony of the real neighborliness in the community.

In closing may we quote one letter among others that express their appreciation of kindness and friendship shown to them:

Bellevue, Jan. 27, 1915.

Our beloved and most honored Rev. and Mrs. Strong: We want to express our deep regret in missing you both at this time. We highly appreciate your warm sympathy and kindness you have showed us for these so many years, and we shall never forget it as long as we live.

Most of our people say that no other Japanese people in this country enjoy such privileges as they do in Bellevue, and we all believe it true. We owe you the fact a great deal. Now we feel helpless in missing you as a child lost its parents. So we earnestly pray for your good health and quick return. At the last session of the association the following resolution was unanimously passed, which we like you would know:

Resolved, That the Japanese Ass'n of Bellevue feel great regret in missing Rev. and Mrs. A. B. Strong and hereby express high appreciation for the sympathy and service that they showed toward the Japanese, thus maintaining and promoting friendship and good will between the two nations.

Your ever grateful,
BELLEVUE JAPANESE ASSOCIATION.
Pres., R. Kurita.
Sec., T. Suda.

It is a superficial and mocking theory of human happiness which concerns itself mainly with circumstances. What is wanted is a principle which will put all accidental conditions in their right place, and persistently remind man that "the life is more than bread," and that apparent failure may be real success.—Joseph Parker.

When one has learned to seek the honor that cometh from God only, he will take the withholding of the honor that comes from man very quietly indeed.—George Macdonald.

It is one of the heaviest penalties of wrong thinking and of wrong living, that they blur, if they do not obliterate, the very perception of good and evil.—Mary Clemmer.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Berkeley, First.—Next Sunday evening Dr. Brooks will begin a series of sermons on "A Modern Man's Faith." Subjects: The Need of Reconstruction, Why Believe in God and What May We Believe, What May We Believe About Jesus Christ, What May We Believe About the Bible. Persons who desire to do so are invited to remain after the service for a half hour for questions in the church parlors.

Los Angeles, First.—At the Twilight Communion on Feb. 7 thirty-five persons were received into this church. Of these, two were from the Armenian, two from the Chinese, and six from the Japanese branch churches. Dr. Day's sermon that morning was on "Pro-Americanism." He presented American altruism in a way that made us proud to be American citizens. It was also a grand, inspiring foreign missionary sermon. He has just concluded a series on "The Warring Nations." The evening of Feb. 14 Dr. Day gave a sermon on "Out-of-the-Way San Gimignano," illustrated with beautiful and realistic pictures of a wonderful city. It is the first of a series on "Out-of-the-Way Italian Cities."

Campbell.—"The Searchlights"—the pastor's S. S. class—recently held a "Searchlight Sock Social." A fine program was enjoyed by a full house. Delightful refreshments were served, games were enjoyed and the class cleared about $17. They take charge of the evening service next Sunday evening. The pastor has made arrangements for having a shower bath installed in the boys' club rooms of the church. A class of smaller boys began "gym" work recently with a great deal of enthusiasm. A turning pole also will be added to the club equipment. March 3, 4 and 5 the pastor, Geo. E. Atkinson, visits the churches at Auburn, Loomis and Grass Valley on the Fellowship Efficiency Campaign.

Santa Rosa.—The Santa Rosa church at a recent meeting adopted unanimously the following: "In accepting the resignation of our pastor, Rev. C. F. Clarke, we wish, as a church and congregation, to express our deep regret at the sundering of the ties which have bound us together in such loving and happy fellowship. We wish also to put on record our hearty apreciation of Mr. Clarke's personal worth and his services among us. He has been ever patient, tactful, modest, devoted to his work, instructive and inspiring in the pulpit, prayer meeting and Sunday school; sympathetic and helpful to the suffering; genial and winning in all his intercourse with us; manly in facing and fighting social wrongs. We congratulate the Fruitvale Avenue church of Oakland on securing Mr. Clarke as their pastor, and his family as workers with him, and we trust that the new pastorate may be markedly happy and useful." Mr. Clarke will preach his farewell sermon next Sunday.

Weaverville.—The church held its annual meeting last Monday night. It was an enthusiastic, resultful meeting. The reports from all departments revealed a hopeful outlook. There have been considerable improvements made on the plant, the parish house has been enlarged, a piano installed. There is now a movement on foot to remodel the interior of the church auditorium. It was decided to resume the Sunday morning service, which had been disbanded previous to the present pastorate, on account of lack of interest. But the interest manifested and the eagerness shown give promise that the morning service will be successful. A committee was appointed to select a new hymn book for the morning service. The young people's clubs are active and helpful. Seven were received into membership last year, all on confession; some of them were heads of families. More men attend the services than formerly. The pastor, J. Morgan Lewis, and his wife, have the confidence of the entire community and are called upon frequently to take a prominent part in the social functions of the community.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity next Monday will be held in the First Congregational Church.

The Bay Association will meet next Tuesday afternoon with the North Congregational Church of Berkeley. Afternoon addresses will be: "Some Phases of Genetics of Special Value to Clergymen," by Professor Ernest B. Babcock of the University of California; "Paul's Method of Church Propaganda," by the Rev. Paul Smith, pastor of Central Methodist Church, San Francisco. In the evening there will be an address by Dean Hunt of the University College of Agriculture on "The Relation of Permanent Agriculture to the Social Welfare."

The Rev. Charles Edwin Chase passed into the other life from his home near Glen Ellen on the 22nd of February. Mr. Chase had pastorates in Washington, California, and Nevada. His last pastorate was with the Richmond Church, San Francisco. In Siskiyou county he was known as "The Sky Pilot." There he won in an especial way the hearts of the men. He always regarded it as his most delightful pastorate, and sometimes would remark that he was homesick to return to it. Mr. Chase was a man of fine literary taste and ability. Some of his prose writings were real poems. And now and then he wrote poetry—good poetry. He was married twice—a few months ago to Miss Amanda Matthews, a writer of ability, contributing, among other publications, to the Atlantic and to Scribner's. They were engaged most congenially in literary work when the call came to him to pass beyond the gates. The present writer will ever hold Mr. Chase in memory as one of the most lovable of men, and will miss his choice and polished literary productions.

EFFICIENCY CAMPAIGN.

Team No. 4 of the efficiency campaign conducted meetings with the Suisun, Benicia and Crockett churches on the 16th, 17th and 18th of February, in the order mentioned. The team consisted of Revs. E. O. Chapel, B. St. John, F. M. Washburn and Roy H. Campbell of Oakland. The program of the Conference Committee was well carried out, and the discussions on the various topics were frank and full; and the team was well received at each of the churches. The choice of Mr. Campbell as the outside counsellor for this team was especially happy, as Mr. Campbell was Benicia born and brought up, and met many former

friends and acquaintances, and recalled many interesting events of boyhood days. The attendance at the meetings was excellent and the offerings generous; and, all in all, the meetings will doubtless prove a benefit in the work. The evening addresses were of a high order, practical and suggestive; and the team will not soon forget the spirit of their reception and the excellent hearing accorded them.

WASHINGTON.

Owing to the health of himself and family Rev. A. B. Strong has resigned his work in Bellevue and Medina near Seattle, and is now residing in Pasadena, Cal. During the pastorate of over six years, Mr. Strong has sought to develop the community ideal of service in the church and parish. Two Bible schools have been maintained in outlying districts a good part of the time; while helpful Japanese services have been carried on, enriching the lives of both pastor and people. At the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Strong, the people of the community outside of the church proper showed their love and appreciation by a gift of $220, as a sunshine fund, that they might find health and strength in the sunny South.

THE REV. DR. ROSS BEGINS HIS PASTORATE IN SEATTLE.

Sunday morning, February the 21st, the Rev. Dr. Hugh G. Ross was greeted by a large congregation in Plymouth Church, Seattle. The Daily Times states that he made a profound impression, that he speaks with a voice that is tender and full of pathos; that his manner in the pulpit is dignified, and that the pleasing Scottish burr in his articulation adds charm to his forceful delivery.

His first sermon was on "The Greatest of All Questions." He is reported as having said in part:

"I suspect that we are agreed that this is indeed the greatest of all questions. For my own part, I know of no question that is greater than this, greater in respect of its searching power, greater in respect of the issues that hang upon its answer, greater in respect to its entire spiritual significance. Just because the question is so great, it is possible, and, if we would adequately learn its message, necessary to view it from more than one standpoint:

"And first of all, we may regard it as a question of fact. Dost thou, as a matter of fact, believe on the Son of God? In order to answer this, we must know what is meant by believing on the Son of God.

"There are involved in this, according to the teachings of the New Testament, two elements. The first is intellectual. That is to say, in order to be entitled to claim that we believe on the Son of God, in the complete evangelical sense, it is essential that we should believe certain things about Him.

"We believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God in a sense which no other man is or ever shall be a son of God. We believe that Christ's relation to the Godhead is unique, that it is eternal and holy, without beginning and without decay. We further believe that the mystery of the incarnation, the eternal Son veiling his glory and dwelling in the frame and in the pathways of our humanity, was determined by the fact of sin and the need of salvation. 'Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people."

"We believe that, having been put to death, he was, by the power of God, raised from the grave, and that, as an Almighty Saviour, he lives forever at the right hand of the throne of God. But to believe in means much more than to believe all this about him. It means that, having accepted all these things as true, we come in lowly reverence before his face, and deliberately surrender our lives to his holy keeping and discipline and service. We, by our own free choice, entrust ourselves to him. This is to believe on the Son of God. This latter relationship alone is real Christianity.

"In the second place, the question is a question of judgment, reminding many of us of the poverty and the unwillingness of our service of Jesus, and asking us whether, in view of such poor loyalty, we can dare to claim that, in the full rich sense described, we believe on the Son of God. And finally it is a question of comfort and inspiration. How many burdened hearts are here, in this great company, today; hearts burdened by the thought of loved ones going astray, burdened by anxiety for the days to come, by fear that never shall the lofty heights of life be reached, but that temptation shall from day to day triumph.

"Now let me ask you: Dost thou believe on the Son of God? Dost thou not remember how strong and how tender is your Lord? Thou hast nothing to fear, trusting in Him.

" 'Yea, thro' life, death, through sorrow and through sinning,
He shall suffice me, for he hath sufficed.
Christ is the end, for Christ is the beginning,
Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.'

"Dost thou believe on the Son of God? Lord, I believe. Help thou mine unbelief."

CHRIST, MY GUIDE.

Anna Blake Mezquida.

When haste the hours away
Through many a placid day,
Then wanting naught, I may
One need forget;
Forget in work and play
That still I need to pray,
Forget in calm to say:
"Watch o'er me yet."

When pain and agony
Have darkened life for me,
Teach me to lean on Thee
And strength renew;
From selfish thoughts set free,
Still faithful let me be,—
Thou, in Gethsemane,
Hast suffered too.

When earthly happiness
And joys about me press,
Till blind with life's success
I leave Thy side,
And by my deeds confess
I love my Saviour less,
Stay near to guard and bless,
O, Christ, my guide!

God bless the cheerful people—man, woman, or child, or or young, illiterate or educated handsome or homely. Over and above every other social trait stands cheerfulness. What the sun is to nature, what God is to the stricken heart which knows how to lean upon Him, are cheerful persons in the house and by the wayside.—A. A. Willets.

A large charity is the growth of years, the last result of many trials.—Stopford A. Brooke.

ODE TO THE DEITY.

(This poem is a translation from the Russian. The author is Gabriel R. Deizhavin. The poem was translated into Japanese by the order of the emperor, and is hung up, embroidered with gold, in the temple of Jeddo. It has also been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on a piece of rich silk, and suspended in the imperial palace in Pekin.—Editor.)

O thou eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through Time's all devastating flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Three-in-one!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with thyself alone;
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er;
Being whom we call God—and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep, may count
The sands or the sun's rays—but God! for thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high—
E'en like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence; Lord! on thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
Sole origin, all life, all beauty, thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine;
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious,
Light- giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround;
Upheld by thee, by thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from thee,
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches lighted by thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own thy power, accomplish thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Pyres of crystal light,
A glorious company of golden streams,
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright,
Suns lighting systems with their joyful beams?
But thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in thee is lost;
What are ten thousand worlds compared to thee?
And what am I then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weighed
Against thy greatness—is a cipher brought
Against infinity! What am I then? Naught!
Naught! But the effluence of thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom, too;
Yes, in my spirit doth thy spirit shine
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.

Naught! but I live, and on Hope's pinions fly;
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high
Even to the throne of thy divinity,
I am, O God! and surely thou must be!
Thou art! directing guiding all, thou art!
Direct my understanding then, to thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realm where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit land!
The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is Matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is Spirit—Deity!
I can command the lightning and am dust!
A monarch and a slave, a worm, a god!
Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously
Constructed and conceived? Unknown! this clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For from itself alone it could not be!
Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and thy word
Created me! Thou source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, thy love, in the bright plentitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond the little sphere,
Even to its source, to thee, its author, there.
Oh thoughts ineffable! Oh visions blest!
Though worthless our conception all of thee,
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lonely thoughts can soar,
Thus seek thy presence—Being, wise and good;
Midst thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And, when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

THE CALL TO THE CHURCH IN CANADA.

According to an editorial in the Toronto Globe this is the Call to the Church in Canada:

"The new challenge placed before Church leaders today is to place the Canadian Church on a war footing for the sake of the world's peace. The State protects itself against disunion, for disunion would spell defeat. Its whole purpose represents singleness of aim in securing an ultimate victory. The large number of men supplied in the war contingents and the large sum of money voted by the Canadian people give the measure of the State's action. What is going to be the measure of the Church's stride? The entire contributions of all Canadians in the entire history of Canada for world missions do not exceed Canada's first war budget. The contrast is striking home in the minds of the people. New standards of values are being demanded, but they will not become authoritative until, to use the expression employed by a Jewish rabbi to a club of Canadian Christians, "The Church takes Jesus seriously." The question now is not, Shall Catholicism, or Anglicanism, or Presbyterianism, or Methodism, or any other noble and historicism survive? but, Shall Caesar vanquish Christ? Shall Barabbas outvote Jesus? Shall Corsica conquer Galilee? Let there be no mistake: the real struggle will begin when peace is declared. The fighting between the armies may end next summer or next year. The conflict of sentiments and ideas will be for a generation. The hates and jealousies engendered by this war will survive to blast the world until the Church makes love to prevail, and a sense of justice. Unless the Church has a redemptive gospel, and goes with it to every nation, regenerating the minds and hearts of all races, the last end of this war will be unspeakably worse than the first. The nation calls the Church, as it calls the State, to heal all breaches, to concentrate all efforts, to cease overlapping and cross-firing, and to bend all energies against the enemy's embattled citadel. And surely the Church will not be outdone in loyalty to duty by the State. Already there is a quickening of interest in the steady movement for union of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational churches into the United Church of Canada. Instead of lessening the need

for that union, the war greatly intensifies it, accentuates it, makes it more imperative. The laymen, facing the missionary problem at home and abroad, feel the compulsion of this new imperative. Across Canada laymen of all churches are meeting together and making common cause for things as they ought to be, regardless of the sticklers for things as they were."

YASHIO TANAKA.

Yashio Tanaka, maker of pottery,
Knelt in the shadowy Shintoan shrine,
Praying that from the celestial lottery
He might draw beauty and strength of design.
He had conceived that a gift to the Emperor
Out of his kilns, if the monarch would take,
Were prize worth the striving for, living for, dying for—
This he was craving the power to make.

All of his life, since his father had taught him
The delicate moulding of vases and bowls,
Using the care that the God who had wrought him
Uses in shaping His beautiful souls,
Tanaka longed for the time when his power,
Fully developed, should serve him to burn
A faultless ceramic, with which to endower
The Emperor's treasures and deathless fame earn.

Time and again he had used all his skillfulness,
Only to find, when the piece was complete,
Something was faulty; it seemed that in wilfulness
Color and clay worked his constant defeat.
Once 'twas the turn of a curve on a ewer;
Then 'twas a shadow that darkened a tint,
Always the flaws as he practiced, though fewer,
Marred and corrupted the work of his mint,

Others, perhaps, would have thought that perfection
At last had crowned effort, and honor his name;
Yet the gray master-craftsman would know his defection
From beauty and virtue to meaness and shame.
But now he was old, and desire for riches
Had faded, and gone was his longing for fame;
Only his passion, as Time took her stitches,
Kept his eye single and true to his aim.

Back to his kilns from the cool of the temple;
Back to his bench and his wheel and his clay;
Back where the shards of his failures were lying
Heaped in a corner, he wended his way.
Working intensely with most minute carefulness,
Watching each detail with masterful eye,
Shaped he a vessel of infinite chastity,
Colored, and burned it to fasten the dye.

When it was ready to take the last firing,
Tanaka handled and placed it with care
In furnace of earth he had built for its proving,
Lighted the fires and uttered a prayer.
Into the heart of the flames as they heightened,
Where they were hottest, where fiercest they played,
Plunged he his body, believing that from it
His soul would pass into the thing he had made.

When from the oven they took the ceramic,
Found they it perfect in form and design;
Every detail was faultlessly fashioned,
Seeming less humanly wrought than divine,
Beauty immaculate, conture impeccable;
Exquisite in tinting and flawless in glaze;
Here was a gift that was worthy the emperor—
Tanaka's spirit had entered the vase.

—(Great Meadow No. 1602, in the Star of Hope.

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